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SONGS OF THE SOUL

A
HUNDRED SONNETS
OF
LIFE AND LOVE

BY
WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

EDITOR OF

THE GLOBE REVIEW: Author of Modern Idols, Quintets, etc.

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TO THE
MEMORY OF MY FAITHFUL MOTHER

Who, for nearly forty years,
Has dwelt beyond
The stars

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

Most of these sonnets have appeared from time to time in *THE GLOBE REVIEW*. Four or five of them were printed in *Quintets*—my first book of poems—published in 1894. I am fully conscious of their imperfections, but various testimony already elicited seems to indicate that they have some merit. Their aim is to teach that in and through all human love and hate there is a dominating divine love which attains its perfect manifestation in Christ and Christianity, by whose power and victory alone can any human soul or the world at large find the true law of its own highest evolution, hence its only true salvation.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

FOREGLEAMS.

THE MASTER SINGERS.

Within the harmony of thy great soul,
O life seraphic ! all our music dwells ;
The brooklet music of the dappled dells ;
The requiem anthems that forever roll
Along the ocean waves, from pole to pole ;
The thunder's martial march, that, rising, swells
To mighty triumph, and thy glory tells ;—
The songs of birds and children, sans control.

But in the master singers thou dost rise
To harmony divine : In Mendelssohn,
In Beethoven, the singing earth and skies
And angels, all, thy quenchless songs intone,
Aflame with love's own bleeding sacrifice—
The song of songs, that, last, must reign alone.

GOD'S TEMPLES.

I wandered where God's temples used to rise ;
Where songs seraphic rose upon the air,
And found but broken arches, everywhere,
And death-like stillness under leaden skies.
Tears came unbidden to my wondering eyes ;
But while I wept the birds sang, and sweet, fair
Flow'rs wreathed the archways man had left so bare,
And new hopes filled me with their glad surprise.

His light, I said, in moving east to west,
Leaves many a clouded and forsaken spot,
Where, henceforth, only flowers and birds may nest—
Where silence covers many a darkened blot ;
But farther hence His temples aye arise,
And everywhere man offers sacrifice.

THE NATURAL-SUPERNATURAL.

They say that there is a natural life,
And a supernatural life, that tends
To mold the natural—that darkly blends
Atoms, thoughts, worlds in their immortal strife;
That war and bloodshed and the sharpest knife
Of hate and storm and pestilence, all wend
Their daily round of death but to defend
And bind these two twin-stars as man and wife.

My fancy tells me that but one life dwells
In all the universe—that the flowers,
The stars, and demons, in the deepest hells
Of everlasting darkness, all their powers
Derive from this one life, which life is love—
Wronged and outraged, but supreme while ages move.

LIFE.

O Life, thou waitest not upon our moods,
But ever rolling onward, like the sea,
Thy subtle, sentient waves of destiny,
As sunbeams, playing in the summer woods,
Do touch, and lift to light, or leave behind,
Our wayward thoughts, our little dreams of ease,
Our countless fancies, that would pose and please,
And so hast flitted, time, aye, out of mind;

Yet, if we see thy face, and grasp thy hand,
And view with reverence thy benignant eyes,
Nor night nor death between our hearts shall stand,
Or shut the glory of thy radiant skies
From our illumined minds; so ever bind
About our lives the life that never dies.

LOVE AND DUTY.

There are but two words in our mother tongue
Which, as seems to me, never will grow old ;
Strange mixtures of the vowels and those bold
And bristling consonants—so harshly flung
Into our English speech—as it were strung
On wires and daggers that the gods of gold
And war and bitter wrongs—a millionfold—
Might murder all the songs that have been sung.

Two words, that from eternity have fled,
And to the last eternity shall fly,
When war and wrong and hate to death have sped—
Words—which as God—can never, never die—
We call them *love* and *duty* here below,
But in the skies—the heart's own overflow.

THE FOUNTAINS OLD.

When the meadows and hills stretch green in spring,
And myriads of trees don their brown and gold,
And the blessed flowers, so brave and bold,
And the little birds in their wooing sing,
And mate unto mate, filled with love' doth cling,
And countless beauties all the world enfold,
Under arching skies with their tales untold—
All voices and sounds with Thy praises ring.

But when in deep darkness the world is cold,
And life is shrouded in graves that are bare,
And voices of God that, a millionfold,
Held our hearts to life in the springlike air,
Are silent, and Calvary meets us there—
God! hast Thou forsaken the fountains old?

THE HILLS OF MORN.

God's thunders rolling through the arching skies ;
His rose-tints, touching all the hills of morn ;
His sunlight, illumining our lips of scorn ;
His lightnings flashing in our thankless eyes ;
His sunsets crowned, as when a monarch dies ;
The wide world swept to death by driving storm ;
The anguish of the race since life took form—
Are these not yet effective, full replies

Unto thy atheism, oh ! weak man?—
Then read the mystery of that God-like soul
Whose depths of love no mortal yet may scan,
And learn of Him, that only love's control
Of all the universe—seen or unseen—
Hath kept from hell, thee, and thy petty spleen.

OUR SLAVES OF FORM.

They tell me that my Shakespeare could not make
Sonnets—that only Petrarch knew the way ;
And now, such petty slaves of form have sway ;
But when at length the silver morn shall break,
And all the song-birds of the world shall wake
To music on their starward, kingly day,
And night to night shall whisper song and say
That love and light their own rhymed paths may take,

I fancy that the Bard of Avon may
Still aye lead the heavenly choir sublime,
And that our youngsters, lame and far astray,
As cripples 'long the corridors of time,
Will ask for crutches of our William then,
And beg some inspiration from his pen.

CRADLE DREAMS.

As when a novice faintly would express
The thoughts of God are simple to the soul
That, by its watchings, vigils, and distress,
Has traversed all the depths from pole to pole—
The stiffened verbiage from any press—
Refined, æsthetic, or the pious dole
That formal poets, fearful of excess,
Would sing—seems but cradle dreams—not the whole

Of human song; and to these I confess
That their four-squared melodies do not roll
As rolls the sunlight through the wilderness;
Nor as love's living music—sans control.

In truth, that they are simply slaves forlorn,
Scarce worthy of the Master's kindly scorn.

PLATO—LIMITED.

Men told me that in Plato there was light,
And hence I searched, if, perchance, I might find
The treasure souls have sought time out of mind ;
And found—the same old oft-told dreams of night—
A web-like maze of ideas, in which might
Dwell peace and light, if men would cease to grind
Their fellow-men, would cease to bleed and bind
Their own souls, and, in some way, learn the right.

Here our Plato stops, never having learned,
It seems, that the power to pursue the true ;
The will to choose and live it, were quite burned,
When death's first conflagration overblew
The world, that not ideas, but love, so spurned :
Love unto death, must save from death that slew.

NEVER A NOTE OF MUSIC.

They tell me there is music in the sea,
And I've listened, where countless miles of sand
Have caught the crested, rolling waves in hand
And heart and ears of fond expectancy—
Where love, seraphic, longed in ecstasy
For music—where gaunt rocks, bold, rugged, grand,
Have stood for centuries, as they were planned
Of God to play the old sea's symphony.

I've heard the great waves sighing night and day ;
In mid-ocean, on sand and rock-bound shore,
I've heard the highest, whitest crests at play
In dull monotony forevermore—
Never a note of music, but refrain
Of death and moaning, as of deathless pain.

CONCRETE SUNSHINE.

A ray of concrete sunshine flies afar,
And all along the rosy tints of morn,
The face of God, that shone e'er time was born,
Outsplendors every faint and fading star,
Until the universe, being light, each bar
Of haggard darkness and each biting scorn
And hate and lust, each piercing, rankling thorn
Of anguish dies in love's victorious war.

So shines the glowing face of love, so rings
Its deep melodious music through the skies ;
So rolls its radiance o'er life's shoreless sea,
Till all the limitless creation sings,
And every hate in hate's own Master dies,
While love and song reign to eternity.

RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

There is no wrath like righteous wrath, so-called;
It lays its schemes in darkness; plots as free
With use of hellish tools of hate, appalled
At nothing that, perchance, its envies see
As some faint semblance of excuse for gall
As bitter as the hemlock—that famed tree
From which our crosses and our poisons fall
Upon the race, to cheat God's destiny.

Time out of mind have priests and high priests found
This sword, all venom-tipped, their ready knife
To slay the victims of their spleen, when bound;
'Twas this sharp spike that pierced His hands, whose life
Had been as stainless as a child's—this hound
That barked its "Crucify Him," dug His mound.

THE AUTUMN OF OUR WORLD.

At last the autumn of our world hath come,
And human beings are falling fast, like leaves
All shaken with the wind, or broken sheaves,
Fast driven by swift hurricanes to some
Far distant, foreign shore and harvest home
Unknown to mortal man that laughs or grieves,
Or leaf that blushes with sweet life that cleaves
Unto each heart and thing, save death's dark loam.

Nay, nay, it is not ripeness, but decay
That this old reaper gathers to his breast,
So covetous for broken hearts and sighs ;
And not one single, shining, beauteous ray
Of light or hope shall enter this last nest
Of sin and death, save love, that never dies.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Of all the tides that sweep upon the shore
Of this fair world ; of all the songs that Time
Has woven from the master-souls sublime
That we call poets, ever more and more,
In matchless grandeur, and in sweetness, pour
The crested waves of that dear angel chime
Now echoed on the breeze of every clime,
And starred with glory to the very door

Of heaven's own radiant, open portals, far
Above the reach of our divinest dreams
Of music, and with power itself divine—
For unto us a Child is born—a Star,
Whose steady and whose tender, radiant gleams
Of love undying, through all worlds shall shine.

HOW LONG, O GOD?

When I reflect on all the ways I've trod,
In wandering through these three-score years ;
When I recall the blighted hopes—the fears,
The dread of countless spectres, and the rod
Of heaven's righteous vengeance—see the sod
To right and left, now grave-crowned—full of tears—
That mine is but the lot of all my peers,
While thousands, far less blest, are forced to plod

Through poverty and darkness, lust and shame ;
Through hunger, contumely, bitter wrongs,
Compared with which my life is sun-crowned fame ;
And when I see earth's countless, eager throngs
Hiding the curse that hurts, bearing the hod
Of burden, sore,—How long—I say—O God?

LOVE ENAMORED FLOWERS.

The love-enamored flowers, O love, are thine !

The honeysuckle's ever fragrant breath ;—

Fond roses blooming on the graves of death ;

Spring's first violets and the columbine ;

The pansy, which has ever stood for sign

Of all the fondest thoughts the lover saith

Of love beneath the stars, ere vanisheth

The trust that doth all loving hearts entwine.

The primrose and the cowslips all to thee

Do lift their fragrant, their adoring eyes,

Or bow their hands in sweetest modesty :—

So charming is thy charm in earth and skies ;

So bright the ever penetrating glee

Of thy dear light, O love ! that never dies.

SUN-FED SOULS.

And shall I say that love itself is dead,
Because, perchance, it may not smile on me?
Or yet, because of wrecks upon the sea,
That angels from the universe have fled?
That martyrs who the mighty ages led—
Whose sun-fed souls went out in agony,
Hissed by serpent lips of foul infamy—
Are not by everlasting fountains fed?—

Though sharper than a serpent's tooth, the sting
Of thanklessness in friend and foe and child
May burn into my very soul and ring
The changes of ingratitude—the wild,
Deep curse that rules the nations of our day?
Nay!—but that God and love are one, alway.

A WORLD-DREAM.

It seems to me that in the dawning day
Of our own mortal life upon this ball
Of earth there was a two-fold act we call
Creation, and that when the "gods" did say
Let us make man unto our image they
Had long since finished earth and man and all
Material things far beyond recall :—
That then the work began which lasts for aye.

That is, the quenchless moral work and war,
The spiritual creation—the fall :
The battle manifold, the mighty scar
Of agony and death that in one small
Hour did revive the sting of death and pain,
Which, conquered, we, God's glory shall attain.

OUR LIFE HEROIC.

In truth we held thee quite immortal where
Yon little band of Grecians kept at bay
Countless hordes of Persians, and Thermopylæ
Stands out in everlasting glory there,
Because our life heroic, stainless, fair
Held up the record of the years, that day;
Nor aught can dim the warrior's rich array
Of splendor, or his mighty deeds impair.

But, to stand alone, in close league with truth—
To see the cherished face of God's own love,
Whose fadeless beauty long hath held thy youth
Entranced with glory, *fade*—and heaven above
Shut down in utter darkness—still to say—
“I conquer”—leads the universe thy way.

KISSING THE MAY.

Quickly, toward the rosy dawn of day,
We lift our waiting and our grateful eyes,
To greet the new-born glory of the skies ;
And as the sun pursues his royal way,—
Touching the rose with light, kissing the May,
Painting all lands with splendor, man still vies
With man, and in all languages still tries
To weave its chaplet, its immortal bay.

And why should not all nations fly to song
In view of that divinely richer morn,
In which the stars' angelic, joyous throng
Sang greeting, since the Prince of Peace was born ?
For then, through life and love's immortal sea
The soul was found that won love's victory.

THE HEART OF NATURE TRUE.

I think the heart of Nature must be true—
For in these moments when my anxious heart
Kept questioning—or would my friends depart
And walk no more with me—as yon traitors flew
When words of living truth—like morning dew
Fell from the Master's lips—or bear their part
Of that dire hate for words of mine that smart
And rankle in the envious bastard crew—

Just now—as on the wings of angels---borne
Across the radiant, echoing sky,
Came words as if from human souls were shorn
Of all but love and life and truth---so fly
The doves of Peace that lead unto each morn,
And so must fly, till life itself shall die.

SIGNS AFAR.

The tremble of the birches in the breeze ;
The flutter of our thoughts, when life is still ;
The prattle of a tiny mountain rill,
Far echoed in the voices of the trees ;
The sullen murmur of the raging seas ;
The twitter of the song-bird's happy trill ;
The blushes of the early dawn that fill
The waiting skies with splendor,—what are these,

My life, my love, my soul, but signs afar
And near, to comfort, to console and cheer
The lost, as was the sign of that famed star
Of Bethlehem, now to mankind so dear ?
And what the heavenly ministry of pain,
But golden sunlight in the garnered grain ?

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Ere the noon-tide comes and the shadows fall
From the evening skies, and the evening star
Leads forth the stars of night, and over all
The earth and heaven, brooding, near and far,
Flows the silence of death around thy brow,
O year of immortal love ! fare thee well.
Would that the heart within us, even now,
Could feel and understand, that tongue could tell

The countless wings of love have daily flown
To us across God's open skies ; that we,
Long before the new year be fully grown,
May feel the pulsings of love's mighty sea,
And, conquering every hate and every foe
May live in love and Thee, eternally.

THE SKYLARK.

There is aye a rift in the finest lute ;
 There is ever some parasite that clings ;
 The notes of the bugle, the harp, the flute,
Are never quite perfect ; the voice that sings
Has a quaver, a faintness, just a mute
 Confession that somewhere the serpent stings ;
 And the only notes that seem to confute
The argument, the fact, the scorn this flings

 In the faces of gods and men astute
With lust—are the lark's, as it joyous springs
 Out of the dew of the morning, dilute
With the breath of crime, which forever clings
 To the air it breathes,—and soars, sings, immute,
Through the gates of heaven on stainless wings.

GOD'S FACE.

Clouds and darkness are oft about Thy face,
While all the splendor of Thy quenchless light—
As countless molten suns and stars each night,
Unseen by mortal eyes do shine with grace
Inimitable, until the farthest space
In all this infinite universe, bright
As the purest diamond, seen aright—
Doth burn and glow with fire, with love, no trace

Of which may ever come to faithless eyes ;
No touch of which can ever find the heart
Whose hard denials and whose blasphemies
Have shut the Eden gates and flung apart
The doorways of that unfilial hell
Wherein nor truth nor love again can dwell.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

'Tis Christmas-tide, at midnight, by the hill
A little English hamlet sleeps and dreams,
When suddenly from out the west are gleams
Of lanterns borne by faithful hands, and shrill
Across the stilly darkness strange sounds fill
The air. The church's choristers, it seems,
Are marching through the night, as well betems
All singers who would fain God's love fulfill.

The violin, the harp, the bird-like flute
With human voices all accord now swell
Into a finer strain than ancient lute
Or lyre could to the ancients ever tell.
So comes the song again, as once of old,
"While shepherds watched"—with stars a million fold.

OF PERSONS AND PLACES.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

So many tongues have sung thy deathless fame ;
So many eyes have wept, in joy or pain,
Before the magic of thy flitting flame
Of fancies—joyous, or,—like murd'rous Cain—
Most swiftly vengeful in their shameless shame—
That it would seem no voice should once again
Attempt a strain might mingle in the game
Of praise before thy great, melodious brain.

Yet I, whose breath first breathed the very same
Sweet air that came to thee across the main—
Will weave this little song, may not be lame
To touch the farthest height thy wing shall gain.
Thus aye may Somerset to Warwick be
A laurel wreath of song's eternity.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Whate'er was felt or thought or said or sung
By plainer men within thy rounded day,
Was said by thee, as when a branch of May,
In some still night, hath into beauty sprung
The hidden treasures of our mother tongue—
As they were living spirits—found their way
Unto thy lips and hands, and, sad or gay,
As flowers, were along thy harp-notes flung.

Aye into some sweet music thou didst turn
The harsher notes, the common thoughts of men,
And by the art of thy magician's pen
Didst form to beauty what all worldlings spurn:
Through thee have art and anguish and the rod
Of sorrow found their pathways back to God.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Great master of the realms of beauty; art
Knew not its perfect crown till thy fine hand
Had wreathed its treasures, brought from every land;
Through thee our Turner rose to bear his part
In England's great triumvirate of heart,
Of mind and hand—his genius bound to stand
With Shakespeare's, Milton's, and the mighty band
Of Time's great masters—never to depart.

And with what rare gentleness didst thou bear
The thievings of the robber band, foresworn;
Nursing thy sorrows 'neath a brow of care,
Till life itself, with duty, was outworn;—
But England loves thee—yea, all men love thee,
And thy name lives unto eternity.

ROBERT BROWNING.

And if thou didst not rise to wield the wand
Of priest or prophet of our faith divine;
If gift of inspiration was not thine,
Or voice to utter thoughts of every land;
Thou still didst grasp in thy magician's hand
The thoughts that rocked all England in thy time,
And these didst weld into the truth sublime
That throughout all eternity shall stand.

All England, all mankind are debtors, so,
To thee, in this, that with sharp, pointed speech,
And musical, and white as driven snow
Thou didst greatly heal the deep wid'ning breach
That yawned 'twixt thought and faith—as to and fro
These swung and climbed to reach God's overflow

LONGFELLOW.

Sweet singer from the rock-bound coasts of song,
Where nature's harp to wild, swift wings was strung,
And bitter dogmas on all breezes flung;
What lifted thee above the rasping throng
Of those old taskmasters that had so long,
With mourning blackness, all life's altars hung,
Until the music of the world seemed stung
With death and witchcraft, deep and gaunt and strong?

And what dear angel touched thy lips, thine ears,
To that soft music of Evangeline?
Those Voices of the Night? Excelsior?
Through what sweet sunlight vanished all thy fears
And brought our tears of gladness fast between
Thy gentle lines that live forevermore?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

When all this land was rocked in cruel wrong,
At peace with sin and slavery and shame,
Regardless of the blot upon its fame—
That ever had unnerved its firm and strong
Right hand and burnt from out its heart all song—
Within thy brave, heroic soul there came
The still, small voice that ever has been flame
Of God and truth in every human throng.

And from thy vantage ground of glory, bound
Around with living righteousness and truth—
Full-winged with dreams of liberty sublime,
Thou didst behold the slave's vile chains unwound ;
Didst force the nation back into its youth
And on, to freedom that shall outlast time.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

O toiling, restless, grave and mighty soul
Of those protesting years, that still stand fast
Between the living present and the past,
And make of rounded time, one perfect whole ;
Forever, while all future ages roll,
Through every storm and stress and wrecking blast,
Thy stalwart name shall stand and shine at last,
As that firm star which marks the changeless pole.

Whate'er was strong and high in those far years
Through which our fathers plow'd in bitter tears ;
Whate'er was true in thine own gifted time ;
Whate'er is noble, aye, and e'en sublime
In our more bold and loudly boasting day,
Is still thine own, and shall not pass away.

BY ANCIENT BARDS.

Whene'er men tell me of the songs were sung
By ancient bards, accompanied with lyre,
And harp, and organ ;—of the sacred fire
That fell from heaven when the earth was young,
And human souls were less acutely strung
With anguish at the roots of mad desire :
When flesh and heart alike did each aspire,
And to the winds all human lusts were flung ;

I simply say that it was never so :—
That never, since the ages first began
To swing in space and circle to and fro ;
That never, since the burning heart of man
First breathed its burning love in deathless song,
Was it, as now, so sweet, divine and strong.

THEN AND NOW.

And when men speak of mighty Homer's song,
And bid me breathless tread the flowery way
That Virgil trod, in his heroic lay,
I quietly say—what tyranny and wrong,
What low ambition, and how sensually strong
Were all their idols in that distant day,
And name the higher dreams—the lightning play
Of loving fancy in our later throng :

Our greater poets name, with love and pride ;
For never, since the sons of morning sung
The dawning of that early day that died
In darkness and was into darkness flung,
Have men or angels filled life's rich æons
With songs like Dante's or like Tennyson's.

TO MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

To sleep away life's racking pains, and wake
To all love's painless, conscious splendor, where
Nor any grief nor anguish dulls the air,
And nights no more the deathless morning break;
To roam, new-winged, the ways the angels take,
And be as they, as chaste and free and fair;
To look into the face of God and dare
The secrets by which He doth ever make

Life out of death, love out of hate, and far
Amid the realms of light to rest content,
Rocked in the cradle of the infinite;—
"It must be very sweet," dear friend, a star,
To know truth's perfect, fadeless ravishment,
Full-winged for love's own ever-changing flight.

DURWARD'S GLEN.

Fanned by the breezes of thy softest light,
'Mid cooling shadows of the dappled glen,
Where swallows, thrushes, and the little wren
Do nest in peace and revel in delight,
O'er daisies, lilies, and the larkspur bright
With purple glory, beyond art of pen—
My soul seems wrapt with joy again, as when,
O love ! through thee, faith was transformed to sight.

For such art thou, that, through thee, all life glows
With radiant splendor, brighter than the stars ;
Yea, clearer than the pebbled brook which flows
Unruffled over all the countless scars
That storms have made in rushing to the sea ;
And so wilt glow unto eternity.

LAKE MICHIGAN IN STORM.

I would it were the sea—yon crested waves
That shoreward roll in dull monotony,
And break their feathered foam in flights and free
Their pent-up rage against yon wall that saves
Our petted greensward from untimely death,
Have some faint semblance of the true sea-foam,
Beside whose radiant bubbles we did roam,
In our first hours of love, with hallowed breath,

All softened, sweetened by the murmuring sea,
Whose mystic tones of death and memory—
Aye salted as our tears—forever flow
In requiem anthems, sad and loud or low.
But all this air is harsh and hard and keen,
And love is dead, and memory,—unseen.

TOUCHES OF NATURE.

WHY MOVE ALONE?

Of fairest creatures we desire increase ;
And should it be that in the years to come—
Wherein the reapers sing their harvest home—
The dove of heaven's perpetual peace,
Ere yet the pulses of thy youth shall cease
To beat in unison with love—unknown,
Might flit across thy dreams—why move alone
Adown the endless years in love's decease ?

Why not embrace the hour of love and rise,
In youth—immortal as thine own to-day—
Into the ever deathless, cloudless skies
Of love's own stainless, joyous, perfect way:—
Repeat thyself along time's shoreless sea,
And live, through love, to love's eternity ?

LOVE'S COMING.

O Love, thou comest not when thou art bid,
But like the lightning's flash, the storm at sea,
The Holy Spirit's breath of destiny,
Thou art most mighty where thou art most hid ;
Thou creepest softly 'neath the unborn lid
Of living, sleeping, conscious infancy ;
And, in thine unbid, subtle constancy,
Undoest what the hates and haters did :

Thou cam'st to-day, in blushes of the morn,
In tender thoughts by kindred spirits sent,
And so thou conquerest all care, all scorn ;
Nor wilt thou be denied, or ever bent
From the fair paths of thy sweet pilgrimage
O'er crowns and crosses, aye, from age to age.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

Dost thou remember, love, the fair, far hour,
When, on the hillside, thou didst sit with me,
Enfolded by the strong arm of the sea,
As day was losing its majestic power ;
The near hills glowing in a golden shower
Of sun and twilight ; when, love, as from thee
To me, yet not to me, thou said'st “ Dear ? ” —Free,
Sweet, incarnate spirit of each flower

Of all the ages ! dost thou mind that day !
As it were taking angel wings to fly
Into the realms of love, where spirits die
For life immortal. O my dearest ! say
Thou dost remember ! and each wave, each star
Is crowned for me a victor in love's war.

LOVE'S DIVINITY.

O Love, thou art divine in any mood ;
In far creations of the worlds, the stars,
Whose silver beams and flowers are as bars
Of blessed light to souls misunderstood ;
In kisses, crowns and crosses that have stood
The raging winds, the hateful blasts and scars,
And subtle falsehood that forever mars
The chaste peace of souls, have done naught but good ;

And when thou shinest in a maiden's eyes,
And tremblest in her quivering lips would speak
The deathless blessing they both give and seek,
Thou art as rose at daydawn in the skies ;
Thou art an angel in thine own disguise,
And art the life of life that never dies.

LOVE'S MEETING.

And what if I should meet thee some bright day,
As once before, beside the sunlit sea,
When, as by magic, thou did'st sit with me,
And every wave and pulse-beat seemed to say
That never—since in Eden Eve did play
With her fair lord, and on the flowery lea
Did lose her heart—came to mortals such free
Bounding of the waves of love :—Dear ! I pray,

That should we meet again, or near or far,
On this dear earth, while yet the flowers bloom,
Or in the spaces past the farthest star,
That thou wouldst stay with me, and end the gloom
Of my thrice-bless'd but lonely, broken life,
And be my own, in peace, that ends all strife.

MY BETTER ANGEL.

Thou art my better angel, night and day
All fragrant flowers breathe thy sacred flame,
And little song-birds chirp thy blessed name ;
Apocalyptic gleams of thee still stray
Along life's dreary spaces, light my way,
As once thy ever radiant presence came,
With gentle touch across my dawning fame,
Until death's darkness vanished quite away.

The clouds of heaven, spaces 'mong the trees,
Suggest thy lovely form ; and near and far,
Along the curved wave, the whispering breeze,
Some thought of thee, as of love's morning star,
Aye comes to me—and hence I call thee mine,
O Love ineffable ! nameless—divine !

THE DEW-ENAMORED SOD.

I think that thou wast sent to me of God,
To soothe the anguish of my keenest pain,
And make earth's desert places bloom again ;
As flowers cheer the dew-enamored sod ;
Turning the wrath of storm's avenging rod
Into a rainbow—hued and starry plain
Of fragrant beauty, crystallised with the rain ;
And all life sacred is where thou hast trod.

O leave me not, my love ! nor night nor day
Unfold thine arms from my free yielding soul ;
Cease not thy blessed, fascinating sway,
But as the waves still ceaselessly do roll,
Be thou my guide, my ever constant ray,
As of the star that marks the northern pole.

GOD'S SYMPHONY.

I cannot think that thou wilt ever die,
O angel of the land of peace ! To me
Thou art the light that never was on sea
Or land, that liveth in the lover's sigh,
In every cloud and song that passeth by,
In God's immortal, mighty symphony,
His loved and loving, lulling melody
Of starry music in the midnight sky.

And still, in every varied mood of mind,
Thou comest sun-clothed, as in days of old ;
Where least I seek thee, there I'm sure to find
Thee ; and as life's deep mysteries unfold,
And all its petty strifes are left behind,
Thy blessed love shines clear as burnished gold.

IMMORTAL YOUTH.

Why should not life, so beautiful in thee,
Find echo in the music of the spheres—
The sweet accord of thy diviner years
Repeat itself along life's shoreless sea?
Say that thou art God's chaste virginity
In human form—let all thy useless fears,
Thy dreams of sorrow, thine unfallen tears,
Be scattered, and thus meet life's destiny.

We know not if the days, the years, may glow
In all the future, endless, tides divine,
With love so stainless as the deathless flow
Of snow-like glory in thy heart and mine.
Then let the sun-rays of eternal truth
Repeat in splendor our immortal youth.

MY LOVE.

Could I but name the sunlight in her hair,
The still more radiant glow upon her face,
And all the majesty of matchless grace
That beamed forth from this maiden, pure and fair
As daffodils that come ere swallows dare,
And take the winds of March with beauty—trace
The quiver on her crimson lips, or pace
The far labyrinth of her soul's one care,

I would say a ray from yon sun astray
Had taken human form, of angel mould,
Softly beautiful, as the dawn of day,
Before the world was faded, gray and old,
And there, beside the sea, O Queen of May!
Had solved the dream that never may be told.

WHITE AND STRONG.

I do not dream and will not dream again
That thou, O love, wilt ever come to me.
I see thee in the flowers, the stars, the sea ;
And I have seen thee in the eyes of pain ;
The eyes of joy that scarcely could refrain
Their utterance, and, in bitter agony,
My rapt and intense soul hath flown to thee
On shores no mariner may ever gain.

But ever baffled, by some subtle wrong,
I see thee, flying the heavenly height,
Through each sun-born day and each darkest night,
Yet love thee and weave thee into my song :—
I have given thee my youth, my clearest sight,
In my passing soul thou art white and strong.

THE VOICELESS SEA.

Most passionately I ever love thee,
Beyond all dreams of youth or riper years;
And though nor words of mine, nor yet my tears
May reach or move thee, still the voiceless sea
Shall bear to thee these burning words from me,
And in far distant ages when thy fears
Have vanished, and we meet among our peers,
Angelic songs shall bind our destiny.

Till then I seek thee not, though day and night
I wreathe thy blessed name in ceaseless song,
And, with the multitudinous, deep might
Of all creation, hate the burning wrong
That drove thee from me, when the sea, the sun,
The flowers, and angels crowned our lives as one.

IN ALL THE YEARS.

I do not dream that there will ever be,
In all the years that may perchance remain
For me upon this earth, to seek and gain
The hidden treasure of the soul's own sea
Of joy and love and mirth and ecstasy—
One day or hour in which I shall again
Ascend the heavens of that sweet refrain
Of love immortal, thou didst sing to me.

The world is just as full of flowers; hope
Springs immortal with each new dawning day;
In truth my own soul's dreary horoscope
Has widened vastly on its final way,
But thou art gone, and all the radiant air
Is dulled with longing and with love's despair.

NEW MADONNAS.

WHITEST WREATHS OF MAY.

Chief flower of the ages—sweet as morn,
When its first blushes flush the waiting skies—
O joy of all the longing, waiting eyes
Of human kind ; dear, spotless, heaven-born
Mother of the Slayer of all human scorn—
Angel of the love that ever soars and flies
Above us till all death in darkness dies—
Comforter of all human souls forlorn—

How can we love thee, bless thee, through the day
Or night of time's existence—weave a song
May ever hope to find thee on its way
Above the multitudinous, glad throng
Of singers, who with whitest wreaths of May
Have crowned thee where thou reignest pure and strong?

OF LOVING GLORY.

Through many weary centuries thy race
Did battle bravely for the truth divine
Which did, at length, through thy rare beauty shine ;
And, with ineffable and perfect grace,
More radiant grows, as thy most radiant face
Of perfect love—we never may define—
Inspires to motherhood like unto thine—
Yet unlike thine, in all created space ;

For, through the centuries' ever onward flow,
Not once again, in all the tides of time,
Shall God's own perfect, golden afterglow
Of loving glory, from its source sublime,
Find such a heart of chastened, whitest snow,
Through which to breathe its God-like overflow.

QUEEN OF LOVE.

Dear chosen maiden, unto thee alone,
Of all the mothers of the sons of men
Was known the glory—beyond tongue or pen—
Of that sweet consciousness, which clearly shone
In thy pure, lustrous eyes—that through God's own
Deep mystery of ages—though the den
Of death and darkest anguish might not ken
The truth—by thee Christ's love would all atone.

Hence do we name thee Queen of angels, e'en
Of prophets, martyrs, saints, and Queen of Love;
Hence do we love thee, in the heavens, unseen;
Hence art thou spouse of that sweet, burnished dove
Of peace eternal, and while ages move
The lips of God's redeemed shall own thee Queen.

WEDDED UNTO THEE.

Choice motherhood of all the human race !

What dreams were thine unto that vital morn

When love itself, upon its bugle-horn,

Far heralded the sweet majestic grace

That since hath shone in thy rich, glowing face,

And still shall shine until the race forlorn

Hath learned the sweetness that through thee was born

That day, whence all earth and heaven shall trace

The very stars with glory—till the sea,

The sun-wreathed world, and all the arts of song

Unite in everlasting harmony,

And lift earth's millions into one vast throng

Of choral singers, wedded unto thee,

In love's own music of eternity.

QUEEN OF MAY.

I think thy loved ones call thee Queen of May
Because the fragrance of that flower's breath
Is sweeter than aught else since cruel death
First smote the bloom of Eden on that day
Our fathers sin-cursed, fled, in shame, away.
But should some fond hearts love thee for the rose,
The dear violet, and its sweet repose,
I blame them not, I only gently say—

That till my lips shall, death-like, cease to move,
That while the sunlight pours its blessed ray
Of loving cheerfulness into my love,
And long as spring-time has one beauteous spray
Of that white flower—spotless as the dove
Of peace—I call thee—white-crowned Queen of May.

FULLEST TIDE.

If ever love was beautiful, in thee
It found love's fullest tide of beauty—far
Beyond all earthly taint or human scar :
As is the faultless rose, the crested sea,
The silver dawn—the day's own destiny
Of fadeless glory, and the one brave star
That heeds no storm nor wreck nor bloody war
But holds its way unto eternity.—

So shines thy stainless love, O love ! for me,
And when life's stormy billows o'er me roll,
And human madness seems as fierce and free
As demon-wreckers of the stranded soul,
I call from out the depths, to thee, mine own,
And know that thy dear love will aye atone.

ONE WITH LOVE.

I think 'twas love of God and God's own light,
In that high hour that made thee one with love
Of all the sweetness in the worlds above—
The dreams of glory and its rare delight
In what is lovely in the stars for flight
And in flowers below that led the dove
Of God's own peace to dwell within and move
To recreate itself in thee, that night.

So, so the one eternal mystery
That broods o'er all the ages, night and day.
Is fathomless, as is the soundless sea,
Whose crested wavelets ever roll and play,
In changeless, restless, dull monotony—
And so will roll till time shall pass away.

DEAR HEAVENLY MAIDEN.

Dear, heavenly maiden, in thy heart, aglow
With all the dreams of past and future time,
There dwelt the life ineffable, sublime,
That marks God's own supremest overflow
Of life and love—the rarest we may know
Of all His vintage—the celestial wine
Of love's immortal sacrifice divine;—
The joy of joys whence all our glories grow.

Sweet motherhood, thy lustre, o'er the stars
Hath shed a radiance that is not their own ;
And over all our bloody, human wars
Of greed and hate and passion there hath grown
A charity far deeper than their scars,
And still shall grow till war is overthrown.

GOD'S OWN LOVINGNESS.

It seems to me that even with God's light
Omniscient, and with all His power sublime,
There was not, in eternity or time,
Another way, so sweet, so pure, so bright,
So sure to win the utmost love and might
Of constancy in human souls would climb
The heights celestial, set the stars to chime
Love's melodies of joy—attain the right

In each highest ideal human dream,
And crowd the skies with loving souls redeemed—
As that the central sweetness of the gleam
Of God's own lovingness—by all beteemed
Ineffable—our loveliest should find,
And through her grace the countless ages bind.

BEYOND COMPARE.

Could I but paint thy living beauty fair
As thou dost paint thyself each dawning day;
Trace thy law from atoms to yond' farthest ray
Of God's own light within whose radiant air
Nor thought of sin nor wrong may ever dare
To enter, O my love! my Queen of May!
I would say the roses' breath, the new-mown hay
Were types of thee who art beyond compare.

I cannot sing thee, this poor faintest gleam
Of my imperfect song I send to thee
Across the everlasting skies, and dream
That in the murmur of love's deathless sea
Of love immortal, it perchance may find
Thine eyes, thy lips, when I am dead and blind.

WHY LINGEREST THOU?

O world! why lingerest thou in darkness, when
The sun of all God's universe has shone
Across thy desert lands, wherein were sown
The seeds of all thy blindness, until fen
And mountain peak and heart and tongue and pen
Were clothed and hung with night, whose angel flown
Beyond death's deluge, ceased to know its own,
And pined, 'mid stars, aye loyal, now as then.

Why, why not rise to meet this blessed light:
This dawning of love's own immortal day:
Why grovel mid this blackness of the night,
Without one lucid and sure-guiding ray:
Oh! why not spread thy mighty wings for flight
Across the skies to meet thy Queen of May?

A MOTHER'S PAIN.

I ask your clearest thought to this one line—
If Jesus was the God-man that we fain
Believe—most perfect—without fault or stain;
And if throughout the ages' deep decline,
Until their darkened face had ceased to shine
With light or hope—He is our greatest gain;
What *must* have been the heart whose mother's pain
Brought forth this son, ineffable, divine?

I do not ask your faith in questioned creeds;
I simply ask that you who boast of mind;
Who test your heroes by their mighty deeds;
Who love your mothers best of all your kind,
Should see the way this maiden's love-light leads
The deathless adorations of mankind.

LOVE'S LAST DREAMS.

SLUMBER OF DELIGHT.

O Love! thou climbest all the hills, like light ;
Nor blackest night, nor mountain peak, for thee
Is obstacle—thy radiant, waveless sea
O'erleaps the barriers of the mountain's height ;
Thy angels fly the deepest, darkest night ;
Thy sweetest, softly stealing minstrelsy—
Fulfilling thine own steadfast destiny—
Aye lulls the world in slumbers of delight.

I do not speak of winged dreams of old,
When gods with men familiar converse held,
Nor yet of demons or the monster, gold,
For whom the forces of our age have felled
The primal forests of eternal truth,
But of God's love, and its immortal youth.

DEATHLESS PEACE.

As moonlight o'er the ocean, when storms cease
To seethe and strive within the mighty waves,
Whose madness—as a maniac that raves—
Gives many a prisoned soul unsought release,
And by its cruel glee brings deathless peace ;
So sweet to me is that dear faith which saves
From all the passions life so madly craves—
And so must save through all the years' increase.

Above its bosom all bright angels fly ;
Led by its light the heart no more repines ;
Cheered by its dreams, dark night is as the day ;
And though all blackest demons test and try
This God-like faith, it never more declines,
But holds its joy as sunlight and the May.

LOVE.

O love, thou art almighty ! in thy hand
All distant worlds are held, and round and round
Do roll, unto creation's utmost bound.
Thou art in every single grain of sand ;
In every pencilled leaf thy magic wand
Hath wrought a secret beauty, only found
Where thou art master ; and each orphic sound
That charms the ages, came at thy command.

Truth, art, are echoes of thy stainless soul ;
And, evermore, while countless ages roll
As rivers to the unrelenting sea,
And nations war in quenchless enmity,
Within, and through, and over all, thou art
Life, law,—whose secret is thy burning heart.

LOVE'S TEMPLES.

Unnumbered are thy temples, everywhere,
Throughout the radiant universe of space,
With altars of divine and matchless grace,
With songs and pinnacles that pierce the air,
From humble firesides and from flowers fair
As whitest wings of angels, or the face
Of Him whose stainless beauties ever trace
The stars with glory, they His glory share.

In hearts that still dream of the cloudless days
When the air was filled with seraphic song ;
In the cloudless nights, through the starry ways
Of immortal liberty, young and strong,
They rise in their glory, spotless and free,
As the guiding stars of our destiny.

THE GLOW OF LOVE.

Can it be true that ever in the past,
Within the bounds of all created space ;
In highest heavens, or deep hell's disgrace ;
When death and war, and havoc, flying fast
Till winds of hate for days or years have cast
Their blackest shadows o'er the once fair face
Of faith and hope and peace—God's own—to trace—
The very stars with blackest death at last :

Can it be that thou wast less than master,
Mistress, queen-like, and the winged soul divine
That has ever turned each sad disaster
Into some sweeter, higher mood like wine ?
And wilt thou not forever be the glow
Of all existence, white and pure as snow ?

QUENCHLESS DEITY.

Through every minute, lowest form, they say
That thou hast climbed from darkness to the stars;
That out of dust and nothing but the scars
Of friction on thine upward, heavenly way,
Thou hast grown to gods, to poets; night, day,
Angels, ministers of grace, prophets, wars,
Laws, and the biting hate that ever mars
Our life, being puppets of thy magic sway.

A deeper tale my heart divines—I see
That ever through the boundless realms of space
Before what we call life did breathe or trace
Its breathing point along life's shoreless sea—
There lived and wrought within itself the grace,
The light, the love of Quenchless Deity.

CLOUDLESS DAY.

To me it is as clear as noon-day light
 Upon the mountain-tops of cloudless day,
 That every atom, force, and influence, ray
Of star-fire, spirit, and the darkest night
Of dread disaster, and the wingèd flight
 Of blackest death along its blighting way,
 Has in it germs of beauty—as the May
Flower, radiant in its spotless white :

 That out of every wreck upon the sea ;
The fall of nations and the infamy
 Of man's ingratitude to man and God ;
The nameless graves that dot the aching sod
 Of earth's ten thousand times ten thousand hills,
Love's own song ever triumphs, throbs and thrills.

OUR DREAMS OF LIGHT.

And should it be that all our dreams of light,
Our purposes to rise above dull care,
The vows that follow on the wings of prayer,
The higher hopes that, like the skylark's flight,
Aye lift us to the radiance of God's sight
And leave nor blot nor stain upon the fair
Wide face of heaven or earth, yet must share
The doom of death, and end in blackest night;—

Still, still 'twere worth our while to dream and pray
And live and choose, as if the shining hour
Of high resolve might last and glow away
With love's own deathless radiant power ;
So rare the joy of breathing but one day
Within the light that never knows decay.

LOVE'S EDEN.

Forever, night and day, thy surges flow
 Within, around, above us, on their way
 To some fair mission, in whose heart a ray
Of deathless love may quicken one last glow
Of glory ere death's creeping hand, with slow
 And steady, quiet motion, perchance, may
 Close the Eden gates,—shut its blessed day,
And paint the rose with whiteness of the snow.

So, so, forever may we hail thee, Queen
Of all that is most beautiful below,
 Above, in blue apocalypse, unseen,
And hold thee fast while ages to and fro
 Shall march in sad procession, even tho'
Thou shouldst at last prove but a fading dream.

“GOD IS LOVE.”

I think it must be true that “God is Love,”
And, being in love with His own perfect soul,
Did will to re-create Himself, in whole,
In part,—from fallen dust, and that sweet Dove
Of peace, which aye in highest heaven above,
And through the universe, from pole to pole,
Doth dwell, and through eternal years doth roll,
In waves of light that never can remove.

Yea, more, that light and love are one, and free,
In heart and hand, throughout eternity ;—
In heart and hand alike, of God and man.
For only so mine inmost thought can scan
The stars, the flowers, the heart’s own constancy
To love, in life, and death’s deep mystery.

THY DEAR BENIGNANT FACE.

When I behold thy dear, benignant face
Agleam upon the waters of the sea,
Or trace thee in our life's great destiny
And find in darkness the immortal grace
That shines forth from thee e'en in thy disgrace,
Or try to scan thy deep infinity
Of blessing, or to name thy majesty
That through eternity shall ever trace

All heaven, all worlds, all souls with glory—
I long for all the arts that angels know—
For some winged gift to tell this story
Of love whose whiteness is as driven snow—
And lead all men and angels in a throng
Of one unbroken and immortal song.

A FEW MORE SUNSETS.

A few more sunsets for this fading world ;
A few more shipwrecks on the mighty sea
Of life's great conflict we call destiny ;
A few more darts against the Master hurled,
Until the banners of all hate are furled ;
Until the world's last darkest infamy
Hath faded into love's great shining sea,
And all the serpent fangs around it curled

Are broken into dust and ashes—then
The glory of the ages, seen afar
By poet-prophets of the nations old,
Shall come, with love, beyond the art of pen ;
With light, outshining every brightest star,
And all the years shall be as burnished gold.

O HOLY TRUTH.

O holy truth, the night winds move thee not ;
Forever thou abidest, like the sea,
Unhurt by transient waves of destiny ;
And when its wildest tempests are forgot,
Heaven-born, without or flaw or blot,
Our stainless home thou ever still wilt be,
When time itself is but a memory ;—
An ancient dream—a far, fast fading spot.

Throughout the universe of living space,
Thy temples still will rise eternally,
And countless, unseen ages aye will trace
Thy name with glory. Through eternity ;
To God, and man and angels thou wilt shine,
The one immortal beauty,---truth, divine.

LOVE'S CALVARY.

O life, in all thy countless flowering weeds,
Thou still art beautiful, as in the day
When first the heaven-planted, fragrant May,
The rose and primrose sprang from Eden's seeds--
Long ere the cant of vexing, clashing creeds
Had robbed the world of its sure guiding ray
Of faith and love adown time's dusty way,
Whereon men fell 'neath over-burdened deeds.

And all along the dawning skies, where stars
Their faithful vigils keep at day's decline ;
In every act of love that heals the scars
Of hate and war thy radiant face doth shine
With beauty which time neither blasts nor mars
But on love's Calvary thou art all divine.

THE ROSY FINGERS OF DAWN.

Along the crimson pulses of the morn,
Up through the rosy fingers of the day,
I trace the throbbings of that loving sway
Was born of God, ere time itself was born ;
And far beyond the realms of night and scorn,
And far beyond the realms of light, its ray,---
As in the roses and the new-mown hay,---
Doth all God's universe inspire, adorn.

Yea, most of all where least its light would seem
To live, or breathe, or shine, or even dwell
As faintly as within the gates of hell :---
In human grief and agony, its gleam
Hath filled our world with love's own rarest song,
Which, through the ceaseless ages rolls along.

AT MIDNIGHT.

Amid the murmur of the mighty sea,
At midnight when the air is thick and still,
And in the day, when raging billows fill
The very heavens with wild mutiny
Of mad and wrecking storm,---thy victory
O Love, my love ! through every flash and thrill
Is manifest, as in the rippling rill,
All sunlight, flowing onward in its glee.

Yea, through the shriekings of the lost I see
Thy ever shining face, and hear thee say,
That pain and anguish, at thy voice, shall flee,
And e'en death's blackest darkness turn to day ;
And I believe thee, in the night and pray,
That thou wouldst ever lead me thine own way.

MINOR-TONED.

I love thee in the roseate dawn of day;
In every little wild flower of the plain.
I love thee e'en when life and love are pain;
When sun and stars have vanished quite away,
With all the friendships of this life astray,
And all the music of the world's refrain
Is minor-toned with death—Thou wilt regain,
I say, the heights of love, and reign away.

I know that life was even born of love.
The proudest crest upon each mighty wave
That bringeth death to me—as yon sweet dove
Of peace—is pledge that thou wilt always save
The deathless sunlight of thy sun-born soul
And pierce all realms of death though demons rave.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

Could I but sing the splendor of thy birth
 Into the ages of our mortal sphere,
 And make thy glory, now so distant, near
Unto the hearts and homes of men on earth—
Woo thee across the deep and stormy firth
 Of mystery, of timid, fainting fear,
 And crown thee, as God crowns the perfect year
With stars, with flowers, thou shouldst know no dearth—

O love immortal! glory of each day:
Thou burnished dove of beauty and of peace;
 Time's rarest songs ineffable, and gay
As moonlight, over all the wrongs that cease,
 Should crowd thy courts with melody so sweet
That listening angels might the song repeat.

WINDS THAT VEER.

When all the lights from this fair world have fled,
And it hath vanished as a faded sphere,
Or floats in dust along the winds that veer
Throughout the endless spaces of the dead,
Thy life, O love divine, that here hath fed
The blinded ages with a light as clear
As that famed star-fire once was sent to cheer
The world and o'er it God's own glory shed,—

Shall still be light, and love's own guiding star
To all the universe of being,—through thee
The farthest darkness, and the deepest scar
That it hath made upon our race, shall flee
Before the radiance of thy face afar,
Till night is drowned in love's own shining sea.

CHARITY.

The charity that suffers long, is kind;
That consecrates to truth its chastened soul;
That never lends its hands to wrong, in whole,
In part; that ever yields its heart and mind
Unto the works, the thoughts that gently bind
The warring strifes of man which madly roll
'Gainst love and duty and their sweet control,
Survives all wrecks when worlds are left behind.

To this aspire, my soul, and lift thy head
Through all the blinding darkness of the world;
For only thus the living and the dead
Do live again when all war's flags are furled,
And rise through elemental silence, strong,
Upon the waves of love's immortal song.

ECCE HOMO.

As the stars encircle the world by night;
As the blue sky enfolds it by night and day;
As the flowers crown it from June to May;
As the sun inspires it with heat and light,
So the love of heaven from depth to height
Of the boundless universe—ray on ray,
And glory on glory, never astray—
Blesses and binds it with purest delight.

And the sum of this splendor, never told,
Never comprehended since time began,
With eternal youth that cannot grow old,
All shone in the face of that lonely man,
Whose God-like words were more precious than gold,
And whose God-like soul only love can scan.

NOT LAW BUT LOVE.

It was not law, but love, that brought Thee down
From out the heights of love's infinity,
And that each day is rolling like a sea
Of splendor over all the hate and frown
That drove Thy childhood from its native town
Of Bethlehem to wander, bound, yet free,
In love's own silken cords of destiny,
Until God's own love formed Thy jeweled crown.

It is not dogma, hate or law, but love
That lifts the broken heart of time to Thee
In Thy dear realms of love, in heaven above
Where Thou shalt reign unto eternity.

Hence do we crown Thee, King-like, in array,
And pour our tribute, on this blessed day.

HE IS RISEN.

“ He is not here, but risen,” they did say,
Who from the cloudless fountains of the morn
Had come to thwart the bitter, biting scorn
That robbed this world of glory on that day ;
“ He is not here but risen,” still we say
To every murderer of truth, whose form
Of blackness, mildew, death and driving storm
Would rob us of thy love, O Queen of May !

“ He is not here, but risen,” O false hate !
Whose evil jargon robs this world of love ;
“ He is not here, but risen,” O fond mate !
Into thy bosom, where the blessed dove
Of love’s undying peace forever broods
O’er hearts of love, in love’s own solitudes.

GOD'S WINDING SHEET OF FLAME.

When God's own winding sheet of flame---aglow
With burnings of ten thousand slumbering years---
Shall fold in its last grasp, the wrongs, the tears,
Of all the ages---when the overflow
Of nations, in hot lava-beds shall flow
To that deep sea which hideth all our fears,
Where paupers meet with princes--peers and peers--
And life is death and darkness burning so ;

I fancy that some mighty voice will say---
Above, beneath this palpable, red flame
Of savage wreck, are life and love alway,
Most subtle, but eternally the same ;
That life and love shall never fade away
Though never more the seasons wax and wane.

THE FADELESS STAR.

To me Thou art the whiteness of the all
Surrounding universe---the fadeless star ;
The radiant victor in life's endless war ;
Through Thee is lifted the dark midnight pall
Has overhung the world since that far fall
That left upon our race its vital scar,
Its deep and hopeless longings---near and far :
For Thee, in song, I raise this final call

Unto all nations of my fellow-men,
And bid them know Thee, love Thee, and adore ;
To Thee I consecrate again my pen,
My heart, my soul, and to the farthest shore
Of all existence, claim for Thine and Thee
The God-like sway of God's own Majesty.

THE DREAM OF DREAMS.

O dream that all the ages longed to dream,
That poets, prophets sought in vain to tell :
Thou magic light that every ocean's swell
Hath prophesied---thou sun-lit, golden gleam
Hath glorified each heart that would beteen
The stars of heaven and the sighs of hell
Might find in thee their crowned, radiant spell
Of joy and peace immortal---thou dost seem

To me all manifest in that bright glow
Of God's and man's one victory supreme---
That mighty, marching, star-like overflow
Of love's own ministry---that richest cream
Of God's own kindness, which in Christ, did shine,
With love ineffable---deathless, divine.

DEATHLESS BEAUTY.

O love ! thou art resplendent in the stars ;
Thou breathest softly in the flowers ; the sea
Forever rolls in loyalty to thee,
And thou art healer of the nations' scars.
Thou shuttest up the doors of hate ; the bars
To highest heaven's eternal destiny,
Touched by thy magic wand, do break and flee,
As conquered armies in our bloody wars.

But, glory of the ages ! thou dost shine,
In majesty, outstripping thought of man ;
Most lovely art, and perfectly divine,
When in disgrace thou sufferest a span,
In bitter agony and death, to prove
The deathless beauty of thy deathless love.

THE GATES OF LOVE.

I think 'twas wise to give to thee the name
Whereby the fondest of our dreams are known ;
That spite of all the graves which death hath sown
Across our hillsides since love's quenchless flame
First flushed the heavens with thy deathless fame,
There hath not come a darkness, blackness, moan
Of wide-spread grief, but through it there hath shone
Some ray by which love's own first morning came.

I can not always name the joy that mates
Or masters grief's unwept and fallen tears ;
I cannot always point the way where hates
And wrongs and woes and all the rasping fears
Of man pass into silence through the gates
Of love---still know it conquers all the years.

THE PEACE THAT FLEW.

I think life's peace was broken by our pride
In gifts that came from His all bounteous store
Who gives all gifts unto life's farthest shore,
And from whose face we vainly try to hide
The darker springs of that resistless tide
Of wrongs within our souls forevermore ;
As if the God that out of heaven doth pour
All light and blessing could our shams abide.

And would we gain again the peace that flew
Affrighted 'cross the desert sands of shame,
And brook the presence that in justice slew
The hopes that down the light of morning came,
Fling pride unto the bitter winds that blew
For death, and clasp love's own immortal flame.

THE SOUL OF LOVE.

I say 'twas always love, not hate or scorn,
That moved the master poets, prophets, old,
To weave their mighty sayings, manifold,
Until the dawning of that radiant morn
Wherein the soul of love itself was born,
And by the plotting of earth's traitors sold,
That He, in love, might all the ages mold,
And the eternity of love adorn.

And why should hate or scorn or pride to-day
Claim mastership of man or earth or time ?
And why should falsehood dream of holding sway
Within the temples of this love sublime ?
And why should poverty repulsive seem
While Christ was homeless in His work supreme ?

OF CLOUDLESS SUNSHINE.

From height to height, from love to love, the soul
Ascends through midnight darkness and each ray
Of cloudless sunshine on its upward way
Throughout all lands and o'er all seas, from pole
To pole, until the measureless, the whole
Immensity of love's own time of May
Surrounds it with God's own immortal day ;
And so will rise till ages cease to roll.

Nor is there any dream of night or bold
Adventure of the bravest heart or hand,
Or pleasure of the hoarded treasure gold,
That can compare with, purchase or command
The joy, the quenchless joy of love untold ;
We know it well, but do not understand.

CHAINS OF DESTINY.

We move along the varied paths of life,
Groveling or strutting, either slaves or free,
Wound round with subtle chains of destiny,
Scarce knowing why we use the pen or knife,—
While the surrounding earth and skies are rife
With radiant, deathless song and symphony,
Peaceful as moonlight on the crystal sea,
All heedless of our wasting, mortal strife.

And why should time or space or earth or sea
Heed for an hour the windy ways of man?
Or change their ever rhythmic minstrelsy
Of stately music, their majestic plan
Of kindly lovingness, or their pure glee,
To break our bondage or our misery?

A BRAMBLE CROWN.

Yea, crown with bay your poets, as of old,
And wreathe the victor from your human wars,
To soothe his pride and heal his many scars ;
And honor him, who, by his piled-up gold,
Hath fed the hungry, kept from biting cold
The poor unfortunate, whose presence mars
And piques the pleasures of your palace cars—
In all, your innate selfishness unfold.

But what of Him whose wisdom led to death,
Whose love of truth won but a bramble crown,
Whose love of love fell from each passing breath
As starlight from the faithful stars falls down ?

Oh, what of Him, dear friends, who died that we
Might sail in safety love's immortal sea ?

CROWNS OF GOLD.

With what majesty thou hast reigned, O life !
 Upon the brows of poets, prophets, old ;
 Amid what splendor, crowned with crowns of gold,
Where kings have won in bloody, mortal strife ;
As if the murderous cannon or the knife
 Of greed and hatred could God's life unfold,
 Or did not stain thy glory, often told
Along the stars when love was true and rife.

And how despised, 'mid poverty and shame,
When life and love were wed in perfect peace,
 And 'cross the blue skies shed their perfect flame,
Of radiance---radiant till all time shall cease !
 And yet through poverty and death shall flow
Thy stainless glory, onward, white as snow.

THE HEAVENLY CHOIR.

I think that love will all nations inspire
And lead them, in love, till the very stars
Are encircled with men---till prison bars
In earth and in heaven, are radiant fire
Of sunlight and heat and of pure desire---
Till our bodies and souls, quite free of scars
And of every impulse that blasts and mars---
Will join the immortal, heavenly choir.

Yea, till the songs the sons of morning sang
With rapture, while the eager, waiting sea
Held back its storm-waves and love's daylight sprang
To glory through the vast immensity
Of being, and through starry arches rang---
Shall ring again unto eternity.

AMONG THE RUINS.

I searched among the ruins of the world
For some clear light to comfort, guide and cheer
The race whose blindness, selfishness and fear
Were round its heartstrings like a serpent curled ;
To right and left were flags of war unfurled,
And all the nations 'neath the sun-lit, clear
Blue skies of God, as from a mountain's sheer
And barren height, were back to darkness hurled.

When, lo ! a star across the heavens came
And led me where a new man-child was born,
Whose life of love should banish all our shame,
Break up our feuds of hatred, death and scorn,
And by the light of his immortal flame
Of love, bring in love's everlasting morn.

WHEN THE WORLD AWAKES.

I think that, one day, when the world awakes
To the great hour of love that dawned in Thee ;
When all who yearn for love as yearns the sea
For rest—the burnt earth for the dew that slakes
Its fevered thirst,—and out of blackness makes
The Spring to bloom—that when, at last, we see
The depth, the splendor—the eternity
Of Thy dear love—see how it ever breaks

The hardest hearts of sin and gives the rose
Of youth and beauty to the soul was dead ;—
Not all the might of time will then compose
One thankless heart ; but that the stars o'erhead
The flowers, the birds, angels and the sea
Will thrill with songs of glory unto Thee.

THE HYMN DIVINE.

Dear love, I know that thou wast always true ;—
That ever through the ceaseless tides of time,
In all the battles that men call sublime,
In all the star fire of the morning dew,
In all the angels that from heaven flew
To whisper peace unto these ears of mine—
Thy name was music ; that the hymn divine
Of God's creation in thy bosom grew.

I follow thee whate'er on earth betide ;
I call thee mine through life and death and shame ;
Within the yearnings of thy heart I hide
The quenchless burnings of my inward flame,
And walk the starry paths those hearts have trod
Whose souls are now at rest—at rest with God.

FAREWELL.

As a wind-swept harp, borne on angel wings,
Through infinite spaces, beyond the stars,
Must still have a touch of earth in its strings,
A faint re-echo of its aches and scars,
Though the spheric music around it sings;
Though it leaps the spaces, and bounds the bars
Of immortal death ; though the love it clings
To, is victor of life, through all its wars ;

So my soul, to-night, is afloat and flows
Onward and upward, throughout space and time,
Till the burning fount of creation glows
With infinite splendor, and mine and thine
Are as specks of dust on the soul of man ;
Scan it—nor harp, nor I, nor angel can.

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